

AN ACCIDENT

By ROSE E. SIMKO

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Miracles usually follow accidents. Jerry's experience verified this, for the incident was truly accidental, with results emphatically miraculous.

Jerry would never have agreed to make up the foursome had he known that Dave Hallor was included. It would not be very courteous to withdraw at the last minute, so he greeted Dave on the first tee with a slight nod and a casual remark about the weather.

Jerry Mable did not approve of Hallor, for various reasons, but chiefly because Martha Dale was classed as reason No. 1. Jerry had aspirations of building a bungalow for Martha and paying her hat bills for life, until Dave Hallor interfered. It did not take half an eye for Jerry to understand it was growing painfully evident that Martha appreciated Dave's company and enjoyed his chocolates to a disconcerting degree.

Teeling up this momentous afternoon, Jerry considered all these events. It was only natural that he should absent-mindedly have gone out of his turn, or perhaps it was a whim of fate, and Dave and he drove off the first tee almost at the same time. There was a resounding whack, followed by the crashing of glass! The golfers looked at each other, agast. One ball had broken through the windshield of an idle automobile, parked in the road adjoining the fairway.

Whose ball was responsible? No one had seen which way the individual balls went, as both had been badly sliced.

"I guess it's yours, Jerry," one member of the foursome ventured. "I wasn't really looking, but I thought Dave's went into the bushes."

Jerry promptly dashed away to offer his apologies and make reparation for the damages. Breathlessly he reached the car. To his amazement he found a girl in a swoon. One cheek was bleeding from a slight scratch occasioned by a flying bit of glass.

"Martha!" he gasped. He looked about helplessly. What should he do? In another second he stepped into the car, gently shoved Martha aside, and seating himself behind the wheel, started the motor.

"Where are you going?" Dave shouted.

"To the hospital! She's hurt!" Jerry called back, his face very white. He drove down the green roadway and was thrilled to have her head resting on his shoulder. Martha was mugged against him! Martha's hair ribbons were flying about and against his face!

Presently she stirred uneasily! "Oh, what has happened?" she asked in alarm.

"Stay quiet! Your hurt! I'm taking you to the hospital!" "Jerry Mable, you stop right here! I refuse to be taken to any hospital! I was more frightened than hurt!"

The surprised youth brought the car to a halt. His heart thumped with the knowledge that Martha still seemed to enjoy the comfort of his shoulder. With a handkerchief he mopped the blood from her smooth cheek.

The proximity was dangerous. It fired Jerry with astounding courage. Perhaps he was unaccountable for his words, but Martha believed he was sincere about it.

"Martha, I love you! I'm just wild about you! Please tell me you care for me!"

And without waiting Jerry bent his head to kiss her. Then the miracle happened. She held up her lips to meet his! The world at once became full of flowers and birds and beautiful things.

When they came back to the world, Jerry was first to speak.

"But—but Martha, what about Dave? Oh, I'm a cad! I should not have compromised you like this!"

"You dead old goose!" she said, caressing her cheek to his. "Didn't you know it was you all the time? I—merely let Dave rush me just to wake you up and see if you really wanted me!"

There followed another interval of bliss, while no one looked.

Martha's toe kicked some round object. She bent down to pick up a bright, new golf ball, the one that had crashed through the windshield.

"Jerry, here's your ball. We ought to put it away as a remembrance of our engagement!"

"My ball!" Jerry exclaimed. "Why, this isn't my ball! See, there's an 'H' painted on it. That's what Dave does to all his golf balls!"

Important Man at Serb Weddings.

The office of "Koom" is a far more responsible one than that of the English "best man." The "Koom" is a highly important man at every Serbian wedding. He assists the officiating clergy in performing the religious ceremony by holding two lit candles, and thus becomes a spiritual relation of the bridal pair. The relationship so established is of such a permanent nature that the children of the "Koom" and the children of the wedded pair are forbidden by law to intermarry.

The "Koom" has also to undertake the responsibility of being godfather to all the bride and bridegroom's children, and to attend each christening in person. If circumstances should prevent him from doing so he must give permission to writing to a deputy to replace him.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE

By EVA O. B. GILBERT

(©, 1922, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Alden had lived only a very few years. You could count his age on the fingers of one hand, and have your thumb and one finger left to hold a lolly-pop.

But Alden was growing up very fast. He walked with mother in the park every day, and he had worn little boy suits ever since the crocuses had peeped up among the new blades of green grass, and mother had said it was spring.

Besides, Alden took care of mother wherever they went. He held her hand and kept watch to see that nothing brushed against her dress, and if they came to a broken spot in the walk he would lead her around it.

Mother was so much nicer than the ladies who walked with other little boys and girls, or wheeled babies in wonderful go-carts and strollers, like those Alden used to ride in when he was little.

Those other ladies wore stiff, white caps and aprons, while mother's dress was all filmy white, or sometimes pale green, or sometimes the color of corn flakes when they are all crispy and crumpy, and taste, oh, so good! And she wore lovely hats!

Then mother's eyes were so beautiful—so full of—well, Alden didn't know what to name it, but it was like a light behind pretty curtains, that shone right through.

Mother was nicer, too, than the girls with sort of old raggedy dresses, that brought the other kind of babies to the park. Their go-carts were small and queer, and didn't look one bit comfortable.

But those babies! Alden was sure there was nothing else in the world so interesting. They had such big, black eyes, and such rosy cheeks!

There was one baby he always watched for. She was so pretty, and her eyes were so large and dark. Her go-cart was almost the smallest of any, and Alden wondered that she did not fall out. But the big girl—most half as big as mother—who took care of this baby, had that same light in her eyes when she looked at the baby that mother had when she looked at Alden. And the poor girl's dress was even more raggedy than the others.

There was one thing in the park that Alden always dreaded to see. That was a great, shaggy dog. The dog came almost every day, with a tall, strong boy, who always held the leash and called him "Hero."

When the dog came near Alden would forget that he was going to be a man some day, and forget that he was taking care of mother. He would hold her hand tighter, and try to hide behind her, and just hold his breath so he would not scream.

And the tall boy would laugh—not aloud, but looking straight in Alden's eyes, so he knew the tall boy thought he was only a baby.

Now, one of the most beautiful places in the park was a path along the river. Mother and Alden always walked there, and so did the raggedy girl with the dark-eyed baby. So, too, did the tall boy with the dog!

One very warm day mother thought it would be nice to sit on a bench there. While they sat watching the river, and the birds, and the squirrels, the raggedy girl brought the baby. She fixed the go-cart in the nicest place against a tree, right close by the water. Then she sat down on the grass, with an old, worn book, and began to read. The baby was asleep, so all was well.

Suddenly the great, dark eyes opened and without making a sound for the raggedy girl to hear, the baby tried to sit up. The go-cart seemed smaller than ever, because the baby had been growing fast; and she almost managed to sit up straight.

It all happened so quickly! The go-cart tipped, and the baby went right over into the water! Alden screamed, and mother screamed, and the poor raggedy girl was frantic.

But the great, shaggy dog was coming! In two leaps he reached the water! Taking the baby's clothes in his strong white teeth, he brought the baby safely to the grassy bank, and gently laid it down.

Mother had come and put her arms around the raggedy girl, and Alden was close by. As the dog came out of the water all dripping wet, with the baby, Alden looked right into his eyes, forgetting, this time, to be afraid.

And in the eyes of the great, shaggy dog, Alden saw the same light that was always in Mother's eyes, and that he had seen in the eyes of the raggedy girl, the light that he could not name, but that was so beautiful!

And now, when Alden walks in the park, and meets the great, shaggy dog, he pats the big, tawny head, and says, "Dear old Hero!"

How to See the Wind.

Choose for the trial a windy day, when the air is free from rain or snow. Take a bright, clean handsaw, or any other polished metal object about two feet in length, and having a straight edge. Hold the saw or metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind. Incline it about 35 or 40 degrees to the horizon and with the back up, so that the moving air, in striking the surface, will glance upward and flow over the edge of the metal, as water flows over a dam. Sight carefully along the edge of the metal, at a sharply defined object, and you will see the wind or air waves pouring over the edge in graceful curves.—Washington Star.

COTTON GINNING

Ledbetter's Gin

New Parts Excellent Condition

This gin is in operation for the 1922 cotton crop. During the past summer we had it overhauled, new parts installed and everything arranged so that the very best ginning results can be obtained. We ask a portion of your ginning requirements. Gin is near the Seaboard Ry. depot, Rockingham.

Yours truly,

H. S. LEDBETTER

FARM
or
City Property

Do you want to turn your farm or city property into cash or interest bearing mortgages? If you do, drop us a letter or wire us and we will send our representative to see you. Our organization is complete. We are not beginners. We have been in business for 15 years. Our two auctioneers, bookkeepers, and ground salesmen are the best to be had. We carry our own live wire brass band. We sell on a commission. As to what we can do and have done we refer you to any of the 5 banks here or any of our many past customers.

Our motto is "Fair Dealings."

Crosland & Tyson Realty & Auction Co.
Bennettsville, S. C.

15 years selling land at auction.

At The Garden

ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

Wednesday and Thursday

SEPT. 14th and 15th.

Direct from a year's run in New York

William Fox
presentsThe wonder
play of the
centuryOVER
The
HILLFrom the poems of
Will CarletonScenario by
Paul H. SloaneDirected by
Harry Millarde

The Show starts at the following hours:

First show at 2:30 Second show 5:20 Third show 8:10

Admission 10 and 25c. Also 1-reel comedy and Pathe News each day